BY ORDER OF THE CZAR.

THE TRAGIC STORY OF ANNA KLOSSTOCK, THE QUEEN OF THE GHETTO

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"CRUEL LONDON," "THE THREE RECRUITS," "JOHN NEEDHAM" DOUBLE," ETC.

PART IV.

CHAPTER II.—ONLY A WOMAN.

Philip Forsyth's mad infatuation would have confirmed him, as Ferrari put it, body and soul a member of the brotherhood, but for the persistent opposition of the Countess Stravensky. If Philip did not take the oath he was, nevertheless, accepted as an auxiliary to the association. It was only for conscience' sake that the Countess resisted this last act of the young artist's wild devotion. As she put it to her comrades he was sufficiently the ir ally without completing the treaty of secrecy and service.

Ferrari saw in this act of friendship, not to say love, the first sign of weakness in Anna's character. It did not occur to him that she had achieved the work of vengeance which had stimulated and held together her alliance with the brotherhood.

Since the ghost of the Lagoon had cast its lurid shadow upon Russian despotism, the Countess Stravensky had found little room in her heart for thoughts and feelings which hitherto had been engrossed in the one idea of her resurrection from death and torment in the Czaronva hospital.

On the eve of that supreme act of vengeance in the Venetian Palace, Anna had been strangely moved, as we have already seen, by the infatuation of Philip Forsyth, not so much on his account, as for the memories which it revived of her happy girlhood. She had in lonely moments seen in this boyish love of the English artist something like a spiritual resuscitation of the youthful Rabbi Lozinski. Her thoughts, which for years had only gone back to the village of Czaronva with shuddering remembrances of its tragic overthrow, now found opportunities for contemplating the light and sweetness which preceded the advent of the Governor Petronovitch. She had permitted her fancy to wander back to the great house at the entrance of the Ghetto, the Jewish celebrations of leaves and flowers and harvest, of births and deaths, of religious institutions and customs. She saw herself a child, sitting at her mother's knee, and weeping at her mother's grave; noted how quickly in her infant mind this latter memory had mellowed with time into an engrossing affection for her father, giving her almost womanly duties in her girlhood, and offering her sympathies towards every soul in the Ghetto. Even on the first day of her arrival to fulfill what to her was a sacred mission at Venice, she had sat for hours silently in her red gondola dreaming of this happy past, in the one model Jewish village of that great empire, where the fires of revolt and persecution are forever smouldering with threatening and awful possibilities.

Ferrari, with the instinct of his race and the subtle understanding of the born conspirator, felt that Anna's sympathy for Philip Forsyth boded no good to the cause. He ventured to say so, both to Philip and to Anna herself.

Anna answered him with reference to the successful incident of the movement with which she had been associated; dwelt upon the tremendous sensation that had been created in the courts of Europe by the vengeance of Venice; and confessed that she could not find it in her heart to make the one great sacrifice he now demanded of her, to cast off Philip Forsyth.

''If I could cut him off from us,'' she said, ''with the assurance that he would return to his home and duty, you might count upon me. But it is his misfortune to have fallen under some strange spell which we possess.''

''Which you possess,'' said Ferrari.

''It is all the same,'' she said. ''My mission, he claims, is his mission. I do not disguise from myself that he is mad; but I find in his companionship a strange pleasure.''

''To confess which,'' said Ferrari, ''is to confess that you are no longer true to the brotherhood.''

''True!'' she exclaimed. ''Do you then impeach me? In what respect am I untrue?''

''You know,'' said Ferrari, ''that you are the first woman I have trusted. You know that I have always been opposed to confiding our section of the brotherhood to the constancy of a woman.''

''In which you are,'' said the countess, ''illogical. Was it not Sophie Provskya who gave the signal for Rysakovis' attack which carried off the emperor you most hated?''

''But which,'' rejoined Ferrari, ''you most condemn.''

''I?'' she exclaimed.

''Have you not,'' he said, ''changed our latest programme? Have you not more than once declared 'we are conspirators, but not assassins?' Have you not repudiated the term Nihilst, as it is applied to the party of revolution and reform in Europe'

''For a foolish word,'' she said, ''which does not interpret us or our ambition. Do I repudiate the rising we hope for? Do I not rejoice in the coming revolt of the army? Do I not glory in the agrarain fires of the peasant? Do I pause at an act of vengeance—a life for a life? Ask me to rival Sophie Provskaya, the risk of my own life for the annihilation of a thousand Petronovitches, one by one or in companies, and I am equal to the occasion; but cast me for a dynamite plot, involving the lives of innocent people, and leading to no political result, but assuredly to be followed by the execution of some of our comrades, and I resist!''

''But,'' said Ferrari, ''given the great result, given the signal for a general upheaval, for the rallying of the great forces of revolution, the overthrow of a vile and bloody tyranny, the establishment of a constitution, in short, for the fulfillment of the great and glorious programme of constitutional liberty and national freedom—what then?''

''Assure me of this, Ferrari, and I am with you. Assure me that we may hope, in one great sacrifice, to break the Russian chains, and at the same time to bring our brothers and sisters to the promised land, flowing with milk and honey, and I am with you. But you must convince me, Ferrari; otherwise, dear friend, I pause with the victory of Venice; and could I forecast the end of all for me I would ask no other blessing than to die in my father's arms away in his Siberian captivity. Nay, do not start, Ferrari; I could say this to no other. You remember the good, generous, kindly merchant; the devoted father, the staunch friend, the martyr?''

''Then you have heard,'' said Ferrari, calmly, ''from your father?''

''Not from him but of him,'' she said, a melancholy smile stealing over her pale features.

''The dispatch you received in Paris?'' said Ferrari.

''The same. It came through the Russian ambassador.''

''The one secret you have withheld from me,'' said Ferrari.

''Not withheld,'' said the countess, ''only postponed. The influence of the Count Stravensky, my dear friend and successer was beneficial. It gave my father means; it secured communication with Moscow and St. Petersburg. Not at once? Oh, no! It took three years before relief of any kind came to him; four years, five years, six—and to-day, Ferrari, he is in his own peaceful rooms, in an agricultural village, away beyond the mountains, tended by a Siberian servant, and resigned, waiting for the end. As you so long regarded him as dead to me, as I have so long accepted that position, so he has regarded us—dead, Ferrari, dead! If I should see him again, it would be a foretaste of paradise for him—for me, perhaps.''

''It is this romantic attachment of yours to Forsyth that has unnerved you.''

''Then I thank him for it on my knees, Ferrari. If he has relighted that human lamp within my breast which shows me the past in the present, how humanly I was, then thank God, Ferrari, for his interposition.''

''So it do not cast its betraying light upon the forthcoming enterprise of the brotherhood, I am willing to say 'amen' to that. I can find in my own heart, Anna Klosstock, one drop of patience when I remember that it was I who brought down upon your father's house the hand of persecution and murder; that it was I who made the trail of death, of the sword and fire which the Christian friends followed to the peaceful streets of the Czaronva settlement.''

''You have had your revenge, Ferrari, and I mine.''

''No, no, my sister. I have no love-tokens of the past, no young English woman to revive it if I had. My vengeance is never complete. No woman can come between me and my oath, between me and my righteous ambition, between me and my sacred duty as Philip Forsyth comes between me and yours.''

''I will not have it so Ferrari; and I claim your firm and faithful allegiance to me, an allegiance not of oaths or vows, but of mutual suffering and mutual wrong. If it has pleased our Father Abraham that in this alliance of ours the woman at last shall be weaker than the man, do not blame me. Judge of m ein the future as you have known me in the past, but do not ask for the impossible; do not ask for a destroying angel in a mere woman of the people; do not ask for the spiritual in the mortal; do not ask for a miracle—I am only a woman?''

CHAPTER III.—DICK CHETWYND SAYS ''I WILL.''

Ferrari's instinct was true. His judgment of Anna Klosstock was confirmed by results.

It needed no traitor in the camp to frustrate the operations which took him and Anna and the rest by the various routes to St. Petersburg. The mainspring of the movement was altered. It was a question of nerve. Ferrari had detected it. There had been no secrets between him and Anna until her previous visit to London, when Philip Forsyth crossed her path; but he had been reassured, touching any fears he might have experienced in Anna's confession of deep interest in Philip, by her magnificent campaign of strategy and vengeance on the Grand canal. Her outbreak of emotional memories, however, on the eve of the brotherhood's united action in St. Petersburg, had, as we have seen in the previous chapter, shaken his faith in the mental and physical strength of his Amazonian associate. But there was no course of check open to him in regard to the Nihilistic advance. All he could do in the way of strengthening the outposts, guards and sentinels of the conspiracy, he carried out with firm exactitude. He hoped to have kept the action clear from any association with what Anna called her auxiliary aid, Philip Forsyth, who travelled in her company to St. Petersburg, the Countess Stravensky's private secretary, vice for the time being Ferrari resigned.

Her Italian comrade passed into Russia through a different port, and in one of his most complete disguises. The countess and her maid, accompanied by Philip and a courier, went openly to St. Petersburg, where the young artist was duly introduced into the highest society by his illustrious patroness. Her visit was understood to be simply one of rest and social duty, en route for the scene of her husband's estates, whether some business of charity called her. Within a few days of her arrival she set out for the interior, or was understood to have done so; but what happened was an enterprise of an entirely different character.

The countess m[illegible]de her adieux, and disappeared from society and the world of St. Petersburg, prior to taking her place in the ranks of the brotherhood, accompanied by Philip in a disguise which she had prepared for him; but not for conjuring him to leave her and her associates to return home while he could be safe to his family and friends. But Philip had only one negative reply to all her warning, and in some strange, unaccountable way, the woman who had been for years the companion of strong men bound together by patriotic oaths and emotions of revenge, found the infatuation which she exercised upon the voluntary young exile from London reflected back upon herself. She tried to think that fate had given to her the comfort of his companionship as some sort of recompense for past sufferings; that fortune, perhaps, had placed him by her side as a new human impulse; an added arm in the great work which, Ferrari assured her, would be the signal for the coming millenium of their race and the overthrow of the Colossus of Despotism which threatened to bestride the civilized world.

Ferrari had of late over and over again expounded to Anna Klosstock (in whom, after all, his hopes of success in the latest enterprise of his career were centered) the tremendous growth of the revolutionary strength in Russia which had taken place under the new czar, Alexander III.

While admitting the numerically small numbers of the organizing and executive forces, Ferrari had shown Anna by documentary and other evidence the vast extension of the movement towards which they occupied the van; and while receiving in secret conclave the reports of the advance which was being made right through the military services, they both chiefly rejoiced in the prospects of the propaganda among the peasants, who had in many districts and under more or less authoritative encouragement, worked their will upon the Jews, but had of late entered into secret agrarian alliances with their Semitic fellow-citizens against the nobles and landed proprietors.

Jews throughout the provinces most in sympathy with the holy cause had been welcomed into secret societies; and it was set forth in a recent important work by Tikhomirov that one of the great significant political facts of the moment was a definite transition of anti-Semitic into agrarian troubles.

The people, finding it difficult to form peasant parties, had organized secret societies, one of which, having wide and powerful ramifications, had contributed a new brother to the Ferrari organization.

Everything looked well and promising for the first signal of revolt, which, being made in St. Petersburg, was to act as a beacon-fire over a wide and extensive district of outposts, military, civil and agrarian, in which many classes, official and otherwise, were engaged.

The train was laid. It was the patriotic duty of Ferrari and his confederates to light the match which should bring about that great popular rising which is the hope and was the [illegible] and purpose of the great popular m[illegible]ement throughout the empire.

On the day which was to bring about such great results St. Petersburg was unusually gay, and to a stranger it might even have seemed as if, for the time being, both military and police had made some special relaxation in their discipline and duties of surveillance.

But everything in St. Petersburg is more or less mysterious. No man can account for the under-current, which ebbs and flows and rushes hither and thither beneath the surface of its ordinary life. It is a calm sea, that flows insidiously above the jutting rocks, moving sands and dangerous eddies.

The police of Russia are as secret as the Revolutionists. Both are as active; and on this momentous occasion the authorities, instead of having relaxed their watchful guardianship over the imperial power, were especially lynx-eyed, well informed and alert, as was only too completely manifested to the little band of conspirators under the leadership of Andrea Ferrari.

It is a rare occurrence in open daylight for the police to disturb the citizens by an important arrest. These operations are generally reserved for the stillness and repose of the night; but on this busy sunny day a little troop of police and military were taking very devious routes outside the leading thoroughfares, quietly surrounded a house near the Tavreda gardens, which had been for four and twenty hours under the eye of an astute detective force. The result was one of much greater importance to St. Petersburg and the czar than his officers understood. It prevented the ignition of that train of fire which had been laid with so much skill and patience; and it added to Russia's political prisoners, among others in whom the readers of this history are interested, Anna Klosstock, Andrea Ferrari, Philip Forsyth, Ivan Kostanzhoglo and Paul Petuski. Fortunately, so far as their immediate existence was concerned, the plot, as it presented itself to the police, was of minor character; presenting under their investigation none of those grave and serious features which really belonged to it, and, like many another revolutionary enterprise in Russia, it was nipped in the bud without exciting any particular attention. It found, however, during several weeks an interesting political subject in the hands of an English correspondent attached to a great London journal, and it was through this medium that Lady Forsyth and Dick Chetwynd became acquainted with the unhappy position of the Countess Stravensky's companion.

The newspaper correspondent informed the English public that among the prisoners recently tried and condemned to a period of exile in Siberia, was a young Englishman who, having first given an assumed name to his captors, had confessed that he was Philip Forsyth, an artist, of London, a student at the Royal academy, the son of an eminent engineer who had lived and died in Russia, leaving behind a son, Philip and his mother, Lady Forsyth, a widow, of London. The young fellow, said the correspondent, had no doubt given these particulars in the hope of some intervention on the part of his family. The plot with which he was associated was not regarded as of any very great importance by the authorities, except that it compelled them to make an example of the persons concerned, one of whom, an Italian Jew named Ferrari, having strangled his sister, had succeded in committing suicide in prison, another, Ivan Kostanzhoglo, was sentenced to lifelong imprisonment; a third, Paul Petroski, to a short period of detention; and a fourth, a remarkably handsome woman, who having, as in the case of the English artist, given at the outset a false name, had confessed under pressure that she was Anna Klosstock, and that the object of her association with Ferrari and the rest of the confederacy, lay chiefly in the hope that she might be sent to Siberia to join her father. It appeared that during the risings against the Jews some ten years previously, this woman's father had been sentenced to exile, which had been considerably modified under official influence, that she had lived a wandering life, thinking he was dead; but having been in the service of the Countess Stravensky two years previously in Paris, she had discovered that her mistress had already interested herself on behalf of her father and had procured him some concessions in regard to punishment.

The story was, the correspondent stated, a curious romance in its way, seeing that the countess had exercised her influence in favor of the girl's father before Anna Klosstock herself came into her service. Amongst the few papers discovered on the occasion of their arrest, was a letter from the Countess Stravensky which had been found in the prisoner's possession, bearing out in various details the story of the woman's life. The police had made a special effort to receive indorsement of this from the countess herself, but had been unable to find her. She had passed through St. Petersburg only a few days previously, to the neighborhood of the Czaronva, in the province of Vilnavitch, where her husband, the count, had formerly resided, and no doubt in due course the police would hear from her ladyship.

In the meantime, however, the judge took a lenient view of Anna Klosstock's case, and he more or less benevolently sentenced to Siberia; and it is understood that by the order of the czar, who has taken some personal interest in these arrests, she will be permitted to join her exiled father.

The news of Philip's arrest and conviction created a profound sensation in London. Not a moment was lost in bringing to bear such influence as Lady Forsythe and her friends possessed upon the foreign office to put the English minister in communication with the government in St. Petersburg, but the most practical and important action was discussed and decided upon in family council at Dorset-square.

''Yes, certainly, Dick,'' said Mrs. Chetwynd, ''you are right; it is the only thing to be done.''

''I know the country,'' said Dick, ''but it is a serious undertaking.''

''All great enterprises are serious,'' said his wife.

''Every possible influence that is to be got, of course, I can procure,'' said Dick, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets and pacing the little breakfast room, where the principal morning papers had been flung down after perusal; the leading journal however, still in Mrs. Chetwynd's hands.

''It will be a great sacrifice to make for both of us, Dick. If you had not traveled on far more dangerous missions I believe I would not let you think of it.''

''It will be a costly service, too,'' said Dick, ''not only as regards time, but money. I think I know the foreign secretary in St. Petersburg, and my decoration at the hands of the late emperor should serve me. It is a good thing for Philip that I happen to be commissioned to the Russian instead of the Turkish headquarters.''

Dick walked about and soliloquised, half-responding to his wife's remarks, partly to his own reflections.

''Besides, you are lucky, Dick. I do not think in all your career you have ever made a serious mistake—not even when you married me.''

''My dear,'' said Dick, taking her genial face between his hands and kissing her heartily, ''the only danger of my life was the possibility of ever missing the good chance that brought us together; and I have never made a mistake except when I have not acted upon your advice.''

''Dick, my dear,'' said Mrs. Chetwynd, firmly, ''you must go to Russia, and bring that foolish boy home to his mother.''

''I will,'' said Dick.''

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY.

In an old churchyard stood a stone,
Weather-marked and stained;
The hand of Time had crumbled it,
So only part remained;
Upon one side I could just trace,
''In memory of our mother!''
An epitaph which spoke of ''home''
Was chiseled on the other.

I'd gazed on monuments of fame
High towering to the skies;
I'd seen the sculptured marble stand
Where a great hero lies;
But by this epitaph I paused,
And read it o'er and o'er,
For I had never seen inscribed
Such words as these before:

''She always made home happy!'' What
A noble record left:
A legacy of memory sweet
To those she left bereft;
And what a testimony given
By those who knew her best,
Engraved on this plain, rude stone
That marked their mother's rest.

It was an humble resting-place,
I know that they were poor,
But they had seen their mother sink
And patiently endure;
They had marked her cheerful spirit
When bearing, one by one,
Her many burdens up the hill,
Till all her work was done.

So when was stilled her weary head,
Folded her hands so white,
And she was carried from the home
She'd always made so bright,
Her children raised a monument
That money could not buy,
As witness of a noble life
Whose record is on high.

A noble life, but written not
In any book of fame:
Among the list of noted ones
None ever saw her name:
For only her own household knew
The victories she had won—
And none but they could testify
How well her work was done.

A LIFETIME IN A MONTH.

In the days of distant ages,
'Neath the deep blue Syrian sky,
Sat the patriarch at his tent door,
While the stars revolved on high.

From the waxing to the waning
Of each queen of night above,
Passed his days in peace and quiet,
Nor in search of news did rove.

Nothing swifter than the camel,
Than the pilgrim with his staff,
Brought the tales of peace and warfare
Of man's sorrow or man's laugh.

Save the caravan slow moving
O'er the hills or sandy plain,
Laden with its gold and spices,
Came no troop in quest of gain.

From the waxing to the waning
Of yon moon so silvery,
Floating like a bark of silver
On a phosphorescent sea.

Man to-day may live a lifetime
Of those men of ancient time,
Fraught with rich experiences,
Fed and clad from every clime.

Swift as swiftest birds of passsge
Fly our ships across the seas;
Swifter still our land craft hasten
As they ape the agile breeze.

Yet more swiftly from all regions.
With the lightning brought from heaven,
Come the tales of human actions,
Nations formed and kingdoms riven.

Thus one moon's brief growth and waning
Meteth out for you and me
More of life than in a lifetime
Patriarchs of old could see.

J. N. J.

Insurrection on the German steamer Chow Chow, from Amoi with 3500 coolies for Delhi. Thirteen coolies shot and twenty-seven others ironed before order was restored.

ALL FOOL'S DAY.

A Day of Practical Jokes, Etc., Which is Observed by All Nations.

Various Authorities Given as to its Origin and the Manner in Which the First of April is Enjoyed by the People.

For the Gazette.

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The first of April, some do say,
Was set apart for All Fools' day;
But why the people call it so,
Nor I nor they themselves do know.

Thus an old English poet sings truly, for it would be a hard matter to find any one who can give an accurate and correct account of how the first of April came to be known as All Fools' day, and of the origin of the custom, pertaining to it, of then trying to make fools of people generally in every conceivable manner. In old books of folk-lore almost innumerable statements are made concerning the origin of both name and custom, all differing as widely as the poles and bearing not the slightest relation to each other.

A learned antiquary, writing in 1599, claims that our April Fools' day is but a continuation of the Quirinalia or Feast of Fools, of the ancient Romans. In the ''British Apollo,'' a most ingenious work published in 1708, I find the following: ''Whence proceeds the custom of making April fools? Answer: From a memorable transaction happening between the Romans and Sabines, mentioned by Dionysius, which was thus: The Romans, about the infancy of their city, wanting wives and finding they could not obtain the neighboring women by their peaceable addresses, resolved to make use of stratagem, and accordingly Romulus instituted certain games to be performed in the beginning of April according to the Roman calendar, in honor of Neptune. Upon notice thereof the bordering inhabitants, with their whole families, flocked to Rome to see this mighty celebration, whereupon the Romans seized a great number of the Sabine virgins and ravished them, which imposition we suppose may be the foundation of this foolish custom.'' This most absurd and wholly unjustifiable account of the origin of the making of April fools is thus ridiculed by a poet of the time:

''Ye witty sparks who make pretense
To answer questions with good sense,
How comes it that your monthly Phœbus
Is made a fool by Dionysius?
For had the Sabines, as they came,
Departed with their virgins' fame,
The Roman's had been styled dull tools,
And they, poor girls, been April fools.
Therefore, if this ben't out of season,
Pray think and give a better reason.''

Some old folk-writers claim that our April fool customs are attributable to the fact that the year formerly began, as to some purposes and in some respects, on the twenty-fifth of March, which was supposed to be the day of our Lord's incarnation. At that time it was customary for all festivals to continue for an octave or period of eight days. April first is the octave of March twenty-fifth and the first and last day of a festal octave were always marked by the greatest abandon and festivity. At the New Year season, especially, all sorts of wild, mirthful pranks were indulged in, and of these it is believed that our April fool usages are a part.

Origins of a religious nature have been boldly claimed for April Fools' day by many writers. An old English antiquary, writing in 1783, states that the custom of imposing upon and ridiculing people on the first of April may have an allusion to the mockery of the Saviour of the world by the Jews. Something like that which we call making April fools is practiced also also abroad in Catholic countries on Innocents' day, on which occasion people run through all the rooms making a pretended search in and under the beds, in memory, I believe, of the search made by Herod for the discovery and destruction of the child Jesus, and of his having been imposed upon and deceived by the wise men, who, contrary to his orders and expectation, ''returned to their own country another way.''

When the early Britons were induced to forsake their Druidical priests and idols and to embrace Christianity, it was their custom, for many years afterward, to annually hold in their churches at the commencement of April, a great festival, resembling the Roman Saturnalia, at which they indulged in a thousand ridiculous and indecent ceremonies, gambols and antics, such as singing and dancing grotesquely to ludicrous anthems. These singular observances referred to the exploded pretensions of the Druids, whom this festival was designed to hold up to scorn and derision. That there is no more effective weapon than ridicule was again proved in this case, for this feast of fools contributed more to the extermination of the heathen religion and its priests than all the collateral aids of fire and sword, though they were also freely employed. The continuance of customs—especially droll ones, which suit the gross taste of the masses—after the original cause of them has been removed, is a common occurrence, and by many antiquarians it is firmly believed that ''fooling'' people on the first of April is simply a perpetuation of the annual public ridiculing of the old Druids and their superstitions.

Still another origin of a semi-religious character, is thus claimed for April Fools' day in a quaint old book of folklore called ''Father Time's Flyghtes,'' published in London in 1669. ''Humorous Jewish Origin of the Custom of Making Fools on the First of April. This is said to have begun from ye mistake of Noah sending ye dove out of ye ark before ye water had abated, on ye first day of ye month which among ye Hebrews answers to our first of April, and to perpetuate ye memory of this deliverance it was thought proper, whoever forgot so remarkable circumstance, to punish them by sending them upon some fool's errand similar to that ineffectual message upon which ye bird was sent by ye patriarch.''

The French associate with the first of April precisely the same ideas as do English speaking nations, but the person imposed upon, whom we call April fool, they style an April fish or Poisson d'Avril. In the ''Etymology of French Proverbs,'' a most curious and delightful work published in 1556, Bellingen, the author, gives the following explanation of the origin of ''April Fool'' customs. ''The word poisson is corrupted through the ignorance of the people from Passion, and length of time has almost totally defaced the original intention, which was as follows: That as the Passion of our Saviour took place about this time of the year, and as the Jews sent Christ backward and forward to mock and to torment him—i. e., from Annas to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod and from Herod back again to Pilate, this ridiculous, or rather impious custom took its rise from thence, by which we send about from one place to another such persons as we think proper subjects of our ridicule.''

But it is not only throughout Great Britain, France and our own country that fools are made on the first day of April. The custom is elaborately observed throughout Sweden, and in Germany an April fool is called ''ein zam April shicken.'' The same custom has also been observed in India from time immemorial. Late in March of each year the Hindoos hold a great celebration which they call the Huli festival, of which the last day is the greatest and most general holiday. During the continuance of the Huli one of its chief diversions is to send people on errands and expeditions that are to end in disappointment and raise a laugh at the expense of the person sent.

But the custom of making April fools has been traced back to an antiquity even grester than that of the Huli festival of the Hindoos. The ancient Persians were accustomed to celebrate the period of the vernal equinox, which may occur as early as March 22 or as late as April 25, with elaborate festal rites and diversions. Of this latter, the chief was the making of fools, precisely as we are accustomed to make them on April Fools' day.

In a quaint volume of poems bearing the title ''Verses on Several Occasions'' and published in London in 1782, April Fools' day is thus alluded to:

''Now April morn her Folly's throne exalts
Now Dobbs calls Nell and laughs because she halts,
While Nell meets Tom and says his tail is loose,
Then laughs in turn and calls poor Thomas, 'Goose.'''

In England, from earliest times, the ridiculous errands upon which the victim of an April Fool joke is sent have been called ''sleeveless'' errands, but the origin and true significance of this term are completely buried in oblivion, and no antiquary has as yet been able to unearth them. These errands are as numerous as they are ingenious. Some of them have almost become classics; such ones, for instance, as sending a person to a book store for the ''History of Eve's Mother,'' to a milk dealer for a pint of pigeon's milk, and to a shoemaker for an ounce of strap oil, which, if the shoemaker has been initiated into the joke, the inquirer receives in the shape of a severe blow from a strap across the shoulders. An amusing account of the performance of one of these ''sleeveless'' errands and its results is thus detailed in ''The Bairnsla Foakes,'' a most rare and curious book of folk-lore published at Ripon, in Yorkshire, England, in 1599. ''Ah think ah needn't tell yo at this iz Aproile Fooil Day, cos if yor loik me yo naw all abaght it, for ah wance sent ah this day to a stashoner's shop for't seckand edishan a Cock Robin, an a haupat'h o' crockadile quills; ah thowt fashure, at when ah ast for am at chapit shop ad a splittin t'caanter top wi laffin.''

But not only is the first of April a day for diversion in the way of making fools. It is a day of charms and superststion as well, particularly in Wales and some of England's northern counties. It is a general belief in these localities that deceit of any kind is liable to be peculiarly successful upon that day and that schemers, swindlers, and rogues of all kinds are then more likely to triumph in their undertakings than at any other time. Per contra, to give the good a more even chance, it is believed that prayer is more than usually efficacious on April first. The charms for the cure, upon this day, of the many forms of disease are almost innumerable, and some, though still practiced in the regions named above, manifest a superstition and credulity which one could scarcely believe to exist in the nineteenth century. There are other charms and not a few divinations pertaining to the day in question, which like those of All Hallowmas or Hallow Eve are said to enable those who try them to obtain a glimpse of their future husband or wife.

GEOFFRY WILLISTON CHRISTINE.

SWINGING IN THE GRAPEVINE SWING

When I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the deep bayou,
The fairest spot of all creation,
Under the arching blue;
When the wind came over the cotton and corn,
To the long, slim loop I'd spring,
With brown feet bare and hat brim torn,
And swing in the grapevine swing;
Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh
For the days gone by,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Out o'er the water lilies bonnie and bright,
Back to the moss-grown trees;
I shouted and laughed with a heart as light
As a wild rose tossed by the breeze.
The mocking-bird joined in my reckless glee,
I longed for no angel's wing;
I was just as near heaven as I wanted to be,
Swinging in the grapevine swing!
Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing;
Oh, to be a boy,
With a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

I'm weary at morn, I'm weary at night,
I'm fretted and sore of heart;
And care is sowing my locks with white
As I wend through the fevered mart.
I'm tired of the world, with its pride and pomp,
And fame seems a worthless thing;
I'd barter it all for one day's romp
And a swing in the grapevine swing;
Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing;
I would I were away
From the world to-day,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

CAIN'S WIFE.

Where did he get her?
Who was her brother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a mother?
Was she pre-Adamic—
Born before history—
With her identity
Shrouded in mystery?
Maid of Phœnecia,
Egypt, Arabia,
Africa, India,
Or sun-kissed Suabia?
Who was her father?
Cruising about
Just to his liking;
Out or the Whenceness
Over the water
Into the Where
Bringing his daughter?
Native of Norway,
Denmark or Sweden?
Lured by the charms
Of the garden of Eden?
Blonde or brunette?
Rounded or slender?
Fiery or frigid?
Haughty or tender?
Why are her graces
Unknown to fame?
Where did Cain meet her?
What was her name?
Whisper it softly—
Say, can it be
The lady we seek
Was R. Haggard's ''She?''

Tell me, ye sages,
Students of Life,
Answer my query—
Who was Cain's wife.